

CL 2693

COLUMBIA



WOODY HERMAN AND THE SWINGIN' HERD

WOODY LIVE EAST AND WEST

FOUR BROTHERS (REVISITED)/THE PREACHER/FREE AGAIN/MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY/COUSINS
TOMORROW'S BLUES TODAY/WALTZ FOR A HUNG-UP BALLET MISTRESS/I REMEMBER CLIFFORD



Produced by Teo Macero

Stereo CS 9493
Mono CL 2693



WOODY LIVE—EAST AND WEST

Side 1

TOMORROW'S BLUES TODAY* (8:42—BMI)
I REMEMBER CLIFFORD** (5:33—ASCAP)
COUSINS* (5:03—ASCAP)

Side 2

FOUR BROTHERS (REVISITED)* (3:11—ASCAP)
FREE AGAIN* (3:29—ASCAP)
THE PREACHER** (4:30—ASCAP)
MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY*
(From "Do Re Mi") (5:18—ASCAP)
WALTZ FOR A HUNG-UP BALLET MISTRESS**
(2:41—ASCAP)

Engineering: Edward Graham, Russ Payne

Personnel

*Riverboat Room, New York City

Woody Herman, clarinet, alto sax
Al Gibbons, Bob Pierson (flute), Steve Marcus, tenor sax
Joe Temperley, baritone sax
Lloyd Michaels, Lynn Biviano, Dick Ruedebusch,
Bill Byrne, John Crews, trumpet
Jim Foy, Mel Wanzo, Bill Watrous, trombone
Mike Alterman, piano
Bob Daugherty, bass
Ron Zito, drums

**Basin Street West, San Francisco

Woody Herman, clarinet, soprano sax, alto sax
Gary Klein, Sal Nistico, Andy McGhee, tenor sax
Tom Anastas, baritone sax
Bill Chase, Gerry Lamy, Bob Shew, Don Rader,
Dusko Goykovich, trumpet
Don Doane, Frank Tesinsky, Henry Southall, trombone
Nat Pierce, piano
Tony Leonardi, bass
Ron Zito, drums

It was my fault, my shortcoming. Had I ever *really* taken the time to *listen*? . . . The image was there all right, just about as solidly there as those four presidential heads carved into Mt. Rushmore, but had I ever looked behind the image, heard the vibrations behind The Sound.

Woody Herman? His band?

Sure (I might have answered), one of the three top band-leaders in the country, the world, sharing an almost sacred plateau with The Count and The Duke.

Woody Herman?

He's been around a long time, hasn't he? Plays clarinet, alto; a singer, too. . . . Great sidemen, a fine, tight, pulsing sound. Herd upon Herd—a grave consistency unmatched in

the long history and progression of our name bands. When all others had failed, Woody kept America, jazz buffs, folk who liked to dance, conscious of The Big Sound, of the Goodness of sixteen men blowing their Cool. He made music—jazz—and that was terrific in itself.

But had I *really* listened?

No. . . . But if there were to be a subtitle to this fine album, after listening to it joyously several times, I'd have to call it *Woody Live East and West*; or, *The Passion According to Now*, because in its fervor there's a sure and steady voice that speaks of the immediacy of the Age in which it is sounded—an immediacy forged from the best of the Past, the Zap of the Present and the nervy, uncertain excitement of the Future. Each side seems to conjure up a specific mood, a mystique or memory that says something pertinent about Now, whether that something be the moody, introspective *feel* of *Free Again* or the deeply felt lyricism of *I Remember Clifford*. If we live in a time when there seems to be a clearly defined infusion of Eastern thought and manner into our lives (especially among the young, the Hippies), then it might be fair to say that the "West" of this album is beautifully illustrated in the wonderfully "square" ballad *Make Someone Happy*, whereas the "East" of it is nicely pinpointed in John Crews' wailing, Moorish, harmon-muted solo in *Cousins*. From an ancient tower or a Turkish minaret it seems he blows, leveling a curse or casting a spell, while underneath him the band sings powerfully, answering his "challenge," stating its own case.

But, of course, analogies can be carried too far. Woody is not a philosopher; he leads a band, and plays in it. The echoes that sound from his music are up to the listener. But let it be known that herein lie all the essentials for whatever echoes you want to hear. The album robustly sings and in many voices, with Woody calling the changes and modulations and adding his own distinctive voice throughout.

Tomorrow's Blues Today kicks the album off in an easy, down-home vein, Mike Alterman chording the first solo in an equally relaxed manner, his style somewhat Garner-ish in feel, Ron Zito nicely backing him with his persistent ride-cymbal. There's a sensed imminence of the full band's first entrance, and when it finally comes, it's a doozey, its sound shattering, showerbursts of brass exploding the calm. Bill Watrous follows with a funky trombone solo; he battles with the band for an instant, then continues, supported by the subtle undercurrent of the reed section until the brass intrudes again and Steve Marcus' tenor takes up the dialogue. Another solo by Mike Alterman follows, then a Zito break that leads into a screecher of a final chord.

Dusko Goykovich's arrangement of *I Remember Clifford* and his playing of it might, I have a hunch, become a classic. It has that intangible balance of taste, delicacy and passion that seems to transcend the commonplace or even the fact of excellent performance—this, plus the poignancy, though never flaunted, of the circumstances surrounding the song. In his tribute to the late trumpeter Clifford Brown, Goykovich sings a passionate lyric of reminiscence that swells in sadness and lyricism as it unfolds, until, in the final chorus, he reaches a level of feeling that I would be quick

to say compares with Bunny Berigan's famous last chorus of "I Can't Get Started." There is the same degree of overpowering emotion transmitted through the medium of matchless technique.

Cousins, an original composition by John Capolla, is, in a different sense, just as powerful. It wails unmercifully, seeming to try to break a set of imposed bonds. A driving Zito intro, backed by trombone and reeds, begins the struggle and then John Crews states the aforementioned Moorish tone with his haunting harmon solo, followed by Bob Pierson's tenor romp with the brass section. The song churns and builds in intensity, a screech trumpet bleating high above the body of the band. Crews returns again, the reed section backing him, as the side is taken out in a wild dialogue between "East" and "West."

Jimmie Giuffre's *Four Brothers (Revisited)* is an up-tempo, nicely paced game of now-you-hear-me-now you-don't between the reed section and the rest of the band. Woody has his say here, breaking in with a quick solo, before the game begins all over again, each of the four reed men having their turn until, in unison, they ride the song to a close.

If *Four Brothers (Revisited)* has a definite Swing sound to it, then *Free Again* might be called its direct opposite. Arranged by Gordon Brisker, it is steeped with an intensely brooding, moody Eastern flavor, induced mainly by the flute work of Bob Pierson and, again, John Crews' muted horn. Ron Zito provides an early "Bolero"-like effect, the side opening with snare drum and flute alone. But midway through the song, note the fine expansiveness of the full band as it opens the melody up and, with rich harmonies, explores its nuances.

The Preacher and *Make Someone Happy* again seem a testament to an earlier age. You could "jitterbug" to the former (Was there actually such a word, such a dance? Indeed, there was!) and the sound is rich with a tight Forties feel, Gary Klein and Sal Nistico providing crisp solos, followed by Henry Southall's full-blown trombone chorus that is almost Dixie in essence. Woody is here again, lending the span of his experience, as the side is taken out with the reed section "jiving" (*ouch!*) in unison. *Make Someone Happy*, in the same vein but a ballad, seems a beautifully nostalgic portrait of every Last Song ever danced—it's Prom night and her gardenia is slightly wilted now, but a soft exhaustion fills the ballroom or the gym, and everyone is cautiously collapsed into one another while up there in the center of the ceiling that spotlight ball seems to revolve more slowly, too, sending down showers of cracked light, softly dappling the tired dancers. Woody is the weaver of this spell, his sleepy alto the conjurer of such memories, his band and its lush backing providing similar reveries.

He gives us a fitting close and change of pace, however, in *Waltz for a Hung-Up Ballet Mistress*, a Bill Holman original. Switching to soprano sax on this side, he blends a minor (and again, I would say Moorish, Eastern) sound with the wild pulses of the unleashed band, not to mention a touch of Baroque piano to boot. It's the Herman touch all the way: fresh, unique and, always, splendid, rich with the best, the zest of many Ages.

—Anthony Tuttle

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WOODY LIVE
EAST AND WEST



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SIDE 1
XLP 118018



1. TOMORROW'S BLUES TODAY
-D. Henderson - A. Parks-
2. I REMEMBER CLIFFORD
-J. Hendricks - B. Golson-
3. COUSINS -J. Capolla-

MONO

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SIDE 2
XLP 118019



- 1. FOUR BROTHERS (REVISITED) -J. Guiffre-
- 2. FREE AGAIN
-R. Colby - M. Jourdan - A. Canfora - J. Baselli-
- 3. THE PREACHER -H. Silver-
- 4. MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY -B. Comden -
A. Green - J. Styne- (From the Musical
Production "Do Re Mi")
- 5. WALTZ FOR A HUNG-UP BALLET
MISTRESS -B. Holman-

MONO

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